



MONTEREY, HIGHLAND COUNTY, VA., FEBRUARY 16, 1894.

VOL. VII.

IN THE DIM CHAMBER.

BY ARTHUR L. SMITH.

In the dim chamber where the floor
A few pale moonbeams stray, I lonely stand;
From out the shadows various shapes at my
counsel
Arise, then fade, are seen by me no more!
But yesterday, the one whom I adore
Passed hence into the tomb. Sweet Eleanor
Her portrait on the wall is hanging; now
With tearful eyes I gaze upon the brow
And at the dark eyes like unto the night,
And all my heart is flooded with love's light!

Again, in fancy, I can see her and sweet face,
So full of beauty, spirit, love and grace.
Close pressed to mine, and with the old delight
I stroke the tresses of her dark brown hair.
And kiss her glowing cheeks like roses fair!
But stern reality, breaks in upon
My dreams, and tells me, my love is gone,
And I awake to find the midnight hour is on.

BELCHER, N. Y.

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue,
and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER XII.

IN A NEW ROLE.

HE two officers did not at once
invade the cell but waited for the ar-
rival of reinforcements, which came
soon in the form of half a score of
excited policemen.
From their conversation
gathered that the detective's state-
ment to the villagers, that the house
was surrounded by officers,
had been uttered with a view
of making terms for
himself, and
had no foundation
in fact.

The two who had arrived first on the
scene had been passing the house and
heard the shot which laid Hyland low.
As for the latter, he was found to be
alive, but unconscious. His brother offi-
cer, had had a good opportunity to ob-
serve gun-shot wounds and their final
results, were of one mind, and that was
that his wound would prove fatal. He
was at once sent to the hospital in a
patrol wagon.

In the meantime a squad of men,
armed to the teeth, had entered the cel-
lar, and the one who had fired upon Cole
Winters now returned.

"Didn't you find him?" asked the ser-
geant in charge, who had been superin-
tending the removal of poor Hyland.
"They've escaped," replied the officer.
"Then there were two?"
"At least."

"How do you know that?"
"We found this hat in the cellar."
The officer held up the hat that had
been worn by Bloom.

"How does that prove there were two?"
"The man I shot at was barbed, and
besides, this hat is much too large
for him."

"How did they escape?"
"By way of a tunnel that's been dug
through the ground to the vacant build-
ing on the corner."

"Why didn't you follow them?"
"The test are on the trail, and will
catch 'em sure. I came back to report."
"Hat. What is this?"

The sergeant had observed the gold
watch with its old-fashioned chain and
seals, which lay upon the table.
"Some of the plunder they were divid-
ing when Hyland came in on them, I
suppose."

"What? Here's the name of Paul St.
Cyr!"
"And the fellow I shot at was his mur-
derer, Cole Winters? He talked exactly
with the description!"

"Good! This will complete the proof
of his guilt. Make haste, Goggin. Run
to the nearest box and telephone to the
central station. We'll have him before
long!"

Goggin rushed away, and the sergeant
soon followed him.
For the moment the place was des-
erted.

The hiding-place of our hero was any-
thing but secure. That he had not been
already discovered was due to the fact
that everybody had been looking for him
below, where he was supposed to have
made his escape.

Soon, however, the house would swarm
with officers, a minute search of the
premises would be made, and the hiding
place of our hero quickly discovered.
None think more rapidly than those ex-
posed to great and unusual peril. The
door of the house had not closed behind
the sergeant, who had gone to see that
the place was being properly guarded
without, before Cole Winters had thought
of all this, and determined upon a plan
of action.

In an instant he had emerged from the
cubby-hole that had served him so good a
turn, and lowered himself to the landing,
from which he stepped into the now de-
serted room.

As noiselessly as possible he passed
on, groping his way.
Then he struck a match to get an idea
of his surroundings.

The snapping sound alarmed him, but
a moment's reflection convinced him that
there was no danger of its being heard
below.

He saw before him a small side bed-
room which he at once entered.
Unlike the other rooms he had noticed,
it was furnished to the extent of a small
bed and a wash-stand.

"Here is where Bloom sleeps," thought
he.
The room had but one window, and that
was obscured by closely drawn inside
blinds.

Our observing hero noted all these
things by the last flickerings of the ex-
piring match.
Then he closed the door, locked it, and
proceeded to light the gas.

The door he then opened the bundle.
He found it to contain a suit, complete
from hat to shoes.
Sears was of about his size, and the
clothing would fit him nicely.

The principal thing, however, was a
blonde wig and a false mustache, each of
the finest workmanship, well calculated
to deceive, unless, indeed, a close scrutiny
was made.

Cole carried an unusually sharp pocket-
knife, and with this he cut off his must-
ache, the operation taking but a moment.
Then he adjusted the blonde superstiti-
ous. His own glossy hair was quite
closely cropped, so that the wig fitted
him exceedingly well.

When he had lightened his face with
the contents of a box of cosmetics, he
found from the glass that he had under-
gone a metamorphosis so complete that
his detection seemed impossible.

Sudden a difficulty occurred to him.
What would he do with the bond and set
of jewelry which still remained in his
pocket where the dastardly villain had
placed them?

If he left them in his clothing, they
would furnish damning evidence against
him if he were ever made a prisoner.
And he was by no means a remote contin-
gency.

On the other hand, to take them with
him seemed still more hazardous. As he
stood irresolute, debating the point in
his mind, the problem was solved for
him.

The noise and tramping of feet below
had been increasing for some minutes.
In his busy excitement our hero had not
noticed this, but now he heard the sound
of footsteps ascending the stairs.

There was but one thing to do. Cole
glided forward and unlocked the door.
Then he made an incision in the mattress with his
knife, and began groping with his hand
among the hair with which it was filled.

"Hello!" called a voice from the door.
which was just then thrown open with
considerable violence.
"Hello!" responded Cole, as he
turned and saw an officer in uniform,
and a young man with a note-book in his
hand.

Then he turned and coolly continued
his feigned search.
"What are you doing here?" growled the
officer in a tone of suspicion.

"I'm working," responded Cole.
"Well, I'll be blowed! You reporters
bang the Jew! I thought this one had
cheek to beg me to let him come up here,
but hang me if you haven't pre-empted
the premises without saying by your
leave. How did you come here?"

"I was down this way on an assignment,
heard of the row, and found?" asked the
man with the note-book very eagerly.
"Will you trade points?"
"Of course."

"Well, one of them must have left here
in a hurry."
"How so?"
"He left some of his clothes."

Cole pointed to the floor where he had
thrown his discarded garments, upon
which the officer and reporter immedi-
ately pounced.

"Must have took 'em off to put on a
disguise," said the former. "Hat! what
have we here?"
He had drawn forth the set of jewelry
which he had recently presented to our fair heroine
by her now lifeless father.

"The St. Cyr necklaces and brooch!"
almost gasped the reporter. "But look
at this!"

This incident and his fortunate escape
from what might have been a serious if
not fatal catastrophe decided our hero,
and he at once boarded the rear car.

Having paid his fare, he took out the
block of paper with the few memoranda
he had made. Then, actuated by a sud-
den impulse, he began writing an account
of the recent occurrences of the evening.

Cole was quick with a pencil, and by
the time the train had reached the por-
tion of the city generally called "down
town," had his article well under way.

Alighting from the car he hastened to
one of the large newspaper buildings,
with the location of which he was
familiar, and was soon tapping up the
stairs to a editorial room.

"I've got an item of a sensational
character," said he when he had gained
access to the city editor.
"What about?"

"The St. Cyr murder and robbery." And
in a few words Cole gave him an out-
line of such of the facts as could have
been learned by the most diligent in-
quiry on the part of a reporter.

"What do you want?" queried the ed-
itor.
"To write it up and sell it to you."
"All right, I'll take it, provided I find
that it's not a fake. You'll find a place
to write in the next room."

Under this condition our hero took
a seat and applied himself to his task.
Just as he had completed it a reporter
bustled in with a meager report of the
"big and sensational events of the night."

A moment later our hero was called in
and the report he had written quickly
and critically read by the editor.

"Capital!" cried he. "Haven't had any
better work handed in here in a month.
There's an order for ten dollars. You
can get it cashed in the morning."

"Thank you."
"Are you working regularly?"
"No, sir."
"Want a position?"
"Nothing would please me better."

"What's your name?"
"Milton Moore."

This combination of the names of two
great poets was the first that occurred to
our hero, and he announced it without
the least sign of hesitation.

"I've not had very much experience,"
said he.
"Don't say that or I'll think you lack
the confidence—check, some people call
it—to do good work. You're all right.
I'm a judge of these things and know
I'll employ you, and I want you to work
exclusively on the St. Cyr case. I've had
several men on it, but they haven't done
much. It promises to be a celebrated
case. I look for lots of developments,
and want the first and best reports of
everything."

"I'll do my best."
"There's one of our stars. Pin it on
your vest; it will serve as a voucher for
you. And here's a card that will, under
ordinary circumstances, protect you from
arrest should you, in the discharge of
your duty, fall under the suspicion of the
police. Have you money?"

"Very little."
The editor produced a roll of bills and
handed his new reporter two ten-dollar
notes.

"You've got the right stuff in you,"
said he, encouragingly, and will get to
the bottom of this case quicker than the
detectives. Don't spare expense, work
hard, and report as soon as you are able. If
you get into trouble, remember that the
most enterprising paper in the West is back
of you. Do your duty, Moore, and I'll
see that you're well rewarded."

Cole thanked the editor, and turned
from the office.
He wondered at his rare good fortune,
and why he, a stranger, had been given
employment and an assignment of such
great importance.

He did not then know that the editors
of great newspapers, those who control
the collection of news of the day, are
very astute men, well able to judge of the
character and ability of others.

He had, both by the account he had
heard, and by his general demeanor,
made a most favorable impression, and
was scarcely more elated than was the
man who had just handed him the badge
of his position.

"I'm in luck," murmured he, as he
hastily considered the stars. "I have
conquered that will permit me to go almost
any place I please, and protect me from
trouble. I'll work faithfully for this pa-
per, and at the same time secure evidence
that will clear me of the awful charge
that is now hanging over my head. At
present I must look to my own safety.
He had traversed but two blocks, when
a street car, bound for the North Division
of the city, and propelled by a cable,
passed him.

It was almost empty, but on one of the
seats in the open compartment near which
the gripman or driver, stands to control,
the movements of the car, a gentleman
was seated smoking a cigar.

The entire family of Charles Kruger, eight
in number, of Michigan City, are suffering
from a mainly resembling trichinosis, and
the parents may die. Their physician has
learned that the family had killed and dressed
a hog ten days ago and had eaten heartily
of the meat.—The Pennsylvania Board of
Parolees refused the application of Charles
Salyards, for commutation of death sentence
and he will be hanged at Carlisle on March
1st.—Over a dozen deaths are reported to
have occurred very suddenly at Sherwood,
Iron County, Texas, during the last ten days
of spotted fever.—M. Simon and Brother,
the proprietors of the largest clothing house
in Altoona, failed. Executions aggregat-
ing \$25,000 in favor of relatives were placed
in the hands of the sheriff. The firm also
conducted a store at Baltimore, Cambridge
county.—Dr. Noble was fatally shot in
Lima, O., by his jealous wife.—Roth &
Engelhardt's piano factory in St. Johnsville,
N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire. The
night watchman saw there was an explo-
sion about five minutes after he went through
the factory. The loss is about \$50,000.

Dr. J. B. Helmer, vice president of the de-
fect Merchants' Bank, of Lockport, N. Y.,
and a prominent citizen, was indicted for
perjury in connection with the affairs of the
broken bank. He was arrested, arraigned
and admitted to bail. The cashier of the
bank, J. J. Arnold, is in jail, and will be
tried next week for perjury and embezzle-
ment. His assets are estimated at \$10,000. The
bank is in the hands of a receiver.—The
Baltimore express, with three Pullman pas-
senger cars, was wrecked at Whiting, Ind.,
by striking a load of brick. Several train-
men were injured.—Fred and John Bat-
cher, butchers of Woodridge, N. J., quar-
reled, and began slugging at each other with
sharp knives. Charles Schmidt, twenty-one
years old, employed by the butchers, en-
deavored to separate them. The interference
angered John, and he slashed Schmidt
in a shocking manner, nearly severing one
of his arms.—Lucius B. Wilson, convicted
at Syracuse, New York, of murdering De-
fective James Harvey, has been sentenced
to death at Auburn prison some time during
the week of March 12th.—Annie Goldberg,
a Russian girl, who was tried at New York
for murder in the first degree, for throwing her
infant child from the roof of a house June
29th last, was acquitted.

George Quackenbush, a carpenter, was
killed at Newark, N. J., by falling off a scaffold-
ing.—Peter L. Nivins, aged seventy,
died at Flemington, N. J.—The proposed
memorial to the late Frank Bolles, secretary
of Harvard College, which has been opened
to subscription from students and graduates,
will take the form of a fund, the income of
which will be applied to the aid of needy
students at the university.—Henry R. Gib-
son has been expelled from the Ed Maynard
Post, G. A. R., of Knoxville, Tenn.—The
Foundrymen's Association at Cleveland, O.,
have decided on a ten per cent. reduction in
moulders' wages.—The Dublin Cotton Com-
pany's property at Dublin, Texas,
was burned; loss \$150,000.—At Trenton,
N. J., Mrs. Emily Braeger, a widow, cut
her throat. She was despondent because she
could not make a living.—At Harlan Court-
house, Ky., during a duel, John Turner and
Dr. William Collins badly hurt.—At Jersey
City Thomas Cleary was arrested for forging
the name of J. E. Pidocek to a check for \$20,
drawn to the order of J. N. Pidocek, of the
Third National Bank.—Several people were
badly injured in Indianapolis by an explosion
of natural gas.

W. H. Crane, the actor, now playing "The
Senator" at the Star Theater, appeared in
the Tombs Police Court, in New York, as
complainant against his valet, William Bell,
who is charged with stealing \$1,815 from the
actor.—Judge Andrews, of the Supreme
court, in New York, adjudged Robert B.
Mantell, the actor, in contempt of court for
failing to pay his former wife, Margaret,
\$1,320 arrears of alimony.—Miguel Noreña
the famous Mexican sculptor, died in the
city of Mexico from typhus. He was the
designer of the great statue of Cuauhtemoc,
on the Paseo de la Reforma, and leaves many
other monuments to his genius.—The
cigar-makers in Denver inaugurated a lock-
out, in order to obtain concessions from the
Cigarmakers' Union. The three factories
interested have tried to secure reductions in
the scale of 12 1/2 per cent., but all efforts
have been resisted.—The will of Mrs.
Amanda Vail, of New Britain, widow of Al-
fred Vail, who was associated with Prof.
Samuel F. B. Morse in the early development
of telegraphy, distributes over \$100,000.—
The notorious "Doctor" Frederick Meister,
field, who was sentenced on January 17, 1893,
by Judge Hare, in Philadelphia, to seven
years in the state prison for criminal mal-
practice, committed suicide at that institu-
tion.—Charles A. McDonald, aged fifty-two
years, paymaster in the United States Navy
for thirty years, died from cancer of the
stomach in Dayton, O.

There is probably no better known
name throughout the entire length
and breadth of this country than that
of Buffalo Bill, and at this time there
are but few who do not know that
William F. Cody is the bearer of the
title. Mr. Cody, however, is not the
original Buffalo Bill. There is nothing
underhand or illegitimate in his
bearing it. He is fully entitled to it,
but for all that he comes by it second-
hand. The original Buffalo Bill is
now living, an aged, wealthy, promi-
nent and highly respected citizen, and
the president of a savings bank at
Wichita, Kan. His name is William
Matthewson.

Years ago Mr. Matthewson was a
bold frontiersman on the plains, en-
gaged in hunting and trapping for a
living. He supplied the forts in Kan-
sas and Nebraska with buffalo, and his
success in this work was so great that
he was given the title of Buffalo Bill.
During this time he engaged a boy to
work for him, and the lad was so dili-
gent and faithful that he remained in
Matthewson's employ until the latter
quit the business to settle down to a
more quiet life. As a reward the em-
ployer turned over the hunting con-
tracts to the employee, who then fol-
lowed in his late master's footsteps.
That he was successful, that he earned
honor, fame and wealth for himself
cannot be denied when it is told that
his name is William F. Cody. With
the business rights he was given the
title his former employer had borne.
The world knows he has kept it bright,
and that neither stain nor tarnish has
touched it.—Chicago Herald.

CATCH the bear before you sell his
skin.

THE NEWS.

U. S. S. KEARSARGE.

The Old Warship Strikes a Reef
Off Central America.

OFFICERS AND CREW SAVED

A Relief Steamer Sent to the Res-
cue from Colon—A Vessel with
a Remarkable History.

The old United States steamer Kearsarge
is a wreck on Konoador Reef, off Central
America, where she struck February 2.
Lieutenant Brainerd managed in some way
to reach Colon, and a cable message from
him announced to the Navy Department that
the Kearsarge was wrecked and that
officers and crew were all saved. The
Kearsarge sailed from Port au Prince, Hayti
on January 30, for Bluefields, Nicaragua,
to protect American interests there in view
of the invasion of the military forces of Hon-
duras. She was wrecked three days out. It
is conjectured that she went aground on the
reef at night and foundered. Lieutenant
Brainerd seems to have got aboard a small
boat and succeeded in getting to Colon in
six days. The relief can reach the ship
wrecked men in less than that time.
Konoador Reef is only a little over two
hundred miles from the Mosquito coast of
Central America. Between the coast and the
reef lies old Providence Island, only seventy-
five or eighty miles to leeward of the reef.
It is believed at the Navy Department that
the officers and crew would be able to reach
Old Providence without difficulty in case
they were in danger of their lives on the reef.
It is believed that they would be safe on the
reef, except in the event of rough weather.

A RESCUE STEAMER CHARTERED.
Immediately upon the receipt of the news
of the wreck the Navy Department sent a
cable dispatch to Lieutenant Brainerd, at
Colon, ordering him to charter a steamer
and proceed at once to the relief of the ship-
wrecked crew. The chief of the bureau
of navigation had a reply from Lieutenant
Brainerd, at Colon, about noon, saying that
the City of Para was available to go after the
crew. He was instructed to either charter a
steamer or secure one of the regular steam-
ers to New York, or if one of the latter was
to start immediately on her regular trip to
secure her to touch at Konoador and take up
the crew. He was, in fact, given discretion
to do what he considered to insure greatest
speed in getting relief to the men of the
Kearsarge.

The Konoador Reef is well known to mar-
iners in those waters as a dangerous im-
pediment to navigation. Efforts have been
recently made to secure the erection of a
lighthouse on this point.
Admiral Stanton was on the Kearsarge.
When the New York and Detroit were dis-
patched to Rio it was made the flagship of
the North Atlantic squadron, and Admiral
Stanton, after the Secretary of the Navy had
acted on his report of the salute of Mello in
Rio bay, was ordered to proceed to Port au
Prince and transfer his flag to the Kearsarge
and assume command of the station.

DESCRIPTION OF THE KEARSARGE.
The Kearsarge, for the services which she
had rendered, was exempted by special act
of Congress from the operation of the law
which condemns the old wooden vessels
when repairs to them cannot be made within
the limit of 10 per cent. of their original cost.
She was a bark-rigged and wooden ship,
built at Portsmouth, N. H., and was 198.6
feet long, 43 feet beam, 15.9 feet draught;
displacement, 1,550 tons, indicated horse-
power 843; speed, 11 1/2 knots per hour. The
batteries were: M. in, four 9-inch smooth
bore, two 8-inch muzzle-loading rifle, one
sixty-pound breech-loading rifle; secondary
battery, one 3-inch breech-loading
howitzer, one galling. Her coal capacity
was 165 tons (anthracite). Her complement
was twenty officers and 160 men.

TO TAKE PEIXOTO'S LIFE.

After the Decree the Election De-
crees was Issued.

Most sensational news has been received
in Buenos Ayres from Rio de Janeiro, and
it is believed to have some foundation in fact.
According to dispatches, the decision of
President Peixoto to issue a decree calling
for a Presidential election, as well as for
members of Congress, on March 1, was only
reached after the President had been badly
frightened by the discovery of a plot to mur-
der him. The plot appears to have been
widely spread and to have counted a number
of influential people, including several offi-
cers, among the conspirators.

As soon as the plot was discovered the
ring-leaders were arrested. Their trial fol-
lowed. They were convicted and the next
morning they were shot to death while
kneeling in front of their graves. They were
buried and the soldiers instructed not to say
anything about the event under pain of
death.

THEIR PROPERTY CONFISCATED.
A number of other persons implicated
were sentenced to long terms of imprison-
ment, and those who had property were
notified that it had been confiscated for the
use of the Government. Others, it is said,
sought refuge in flight and are now on their
way to England and to the United States.

The whole affair seems to have been kept
from the ear of the general public, but its
effect upon President Peixoto is said to have
been so great that he signed the decree call-
ing for the election.

Regarding the approaching elections in
Brazil, the belief is expressed that if Govern-
ment troops are not employed to terrorize
the people that the Government candidates,
Senator Prudente Moraes, for President, and
Senator Manoel Pereira for Vice-President,
will be defeated, but the Government or
"Constitutional" party is certain to use all
its machinery in the effort to elect its candi-
dates. If the "Popular" or insurgent candi-
dates are defeated more trouble and blood-
shed may be looked for. It is also main-
tained that both sides favor the Government
candidates.

CABLE SPARKS.

The French flag has been hoisted at Holt-
cavoy, adjoining Siberia.

It is reported that a change in the person-
nel of the Italian embassy in Washington is
to be made soon.

SMALL FOX has broken out aboard the
American gunboat Concord at Yokohama.
Three men have been attacked so far.

PRESIDENT PEIXOTO has offered to pardon
private soldiers of the insurgent forces who
apply for clemency within two months.

ADVANCES from Japan state that the Japa-
nese steamship Koryo Maru is missing, and
is believed to have been wrecked, with the
loss of sixty three persons.

FIFTY nine sailing vessels are on their way
to the hunting grounds. Of these thirty-four
cleared for the Asia side and fifteen for
the British Columbia coast.

THE north wing of Duncombe House, Haz-
ley, Yorkshire, the historic seat of the Earls
of Feversham, was burned. A quantity of
valuable antique tapestry was destroyed.

A campaign against the rebellious Yaqui
Indians of Northern Mexico is being organ-
ized by Gen. Luis E. Torres, who expects to
completely break the power of this trouble-
some tribe.

THE Pope has accorded an extraordinary
jubilee to France, to extend from Easter to
Christmas. The occasion is the fifteenth
centenary of the baptism of Clovis, King of
the Franks.

FIVE thousands strikers from the Nizhnee
iron works, in the Ural mountains, Russia,
engaged in riots recently, which were so
desperate that several persons were killed by
the troops before order could be restored.

GEN. MARTINEZ CAMPOS, the Spanish cen-
tro, who has been made a speech in public and
declared his intention of administering ex-
emplary punishment to the Riffs. This is
the first time in centuries that a Sultan of
Morocco has spoken in public.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

Peter De Gruff was hanged at Winston, N. C.,
for the murder of his sweetheart, Ellen
Smith.

PLEURO PNEUMONIA is reported to have
broken out among cattle at West Grove,
Chester county, Pa.

CHRISTIAN KESTER, a brakeman on the Le-
high Valley Railroad, was caught in a wreck
near Sugar Notch, Pa., and his body was
burned to a crisp.

GEORGE QUACKENBUSH, of New Brunswick,
was instantly killed at Newark, N. J., by
falling 144 feet from the tower of the Post-
office. The scaffolding on which he was
working gave way.

F. H. TRACY, of Canaan, Ohio, and Fred
Ward and N. B. Oakley, of Elizabeth, N. J.,
drank acetic in mistake for whiskey at the
latter's place. Tracy died, and the other
two are in a critical condition.

A tornado struck Port Hudson, Louisiana,
destroying a number of houses, uprooting
trees and leveling fences. On the De Lombe
place one child was killed and four others
wounded. On the Chambers plantation a
number of colored people were injured.

AT Indianapolis, the residence and saloon
of Louis Kuebler, on South Madison street,
was wrecked by a natural gas explosion,
eight people being buried in the ruins.
Rosa, the 12-year-old daughter, was taken
out dead; Charles, a 7-year-old boy, was fa-
tally injured, and four others were badly
maimed and crippled.

THE coroner's jury which investigated the
recent Delaware, Lackawanna and Western
Railway accident near Hoboken, by which
12 persons were killed and many injured,
returned a verdict. They found that rear
flagman Wheaton, of the Dover Express
neglected his duty in not properly flagging
the South Orange train, and that failing so
he to be primarily caused the disaster. They
also found that the railroad did not have a
proper signal system between Newark and
the Hackensack bridge.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

Rear Admiral John L. Warden, com-
mander of the M. actor in its famous Merri-
mac fight, is one of the conspicuous figures
on Washington streets on five days.

Mrs. Charles E. Peake, formerly an actress
of considerable renown, has assumed the
role of evangelist and is conducting a series
of successful revivals in San Francisco.

M. E. A. Martel, a Frenchman, has dis-
covered that the underground rivers in the
Adelphi, groto and vicinity can be ex-
plored in safety and that the whole length of
the underground passages are not less than
ten miles.

DR. J. H. Houser, of Indianapolis, has
written to Queen Lil, offering her terms for
a lecturing tour through the United States.
Signals us-d at night by ships at sea were
invented by Miss Martha J. Caston, who, at
an advanced age, is living in Washington.

Mrs. Stanner, otherwise known as John
Stranger Winter, the author of "Boot-
Baby," is not only a successful but an indus-
trious story teller. The military flavor in
her novels comes from her association with
the army. Her father, Rev. H. B. Palmer,
was before he took orders, in the Royal Ar-
tillery.

LEUT. LUCIAN YOUNG, U. S. N., is the wit
of the navy. He came from the Blue Grass
State, while dining once with an aristoc-
ratic family he drank some very rare and
costly old Madeira wine. A moment after-
ward he turned to his host and said: "I am
from the Blue G as a country, have you a bit
of good whiskey to take the taste of that
stuff out of my mouth?"

PHILIP D. ARMOUR is a man of vast re-
sources. A few months ago an attempt was
made by a grain corner to squeeze him. His
own granaries were full and the combina-
tion refused to let him have a square inch of
space in their elevators. Armour had 3,000,
000 bushels of wheat to place, and thirty
days in which to do it. He sent for his
builder, told him what he wanted and in
twenty-eight days the large and finest grain
elevator in Chicago had been erected
and the grain stored in